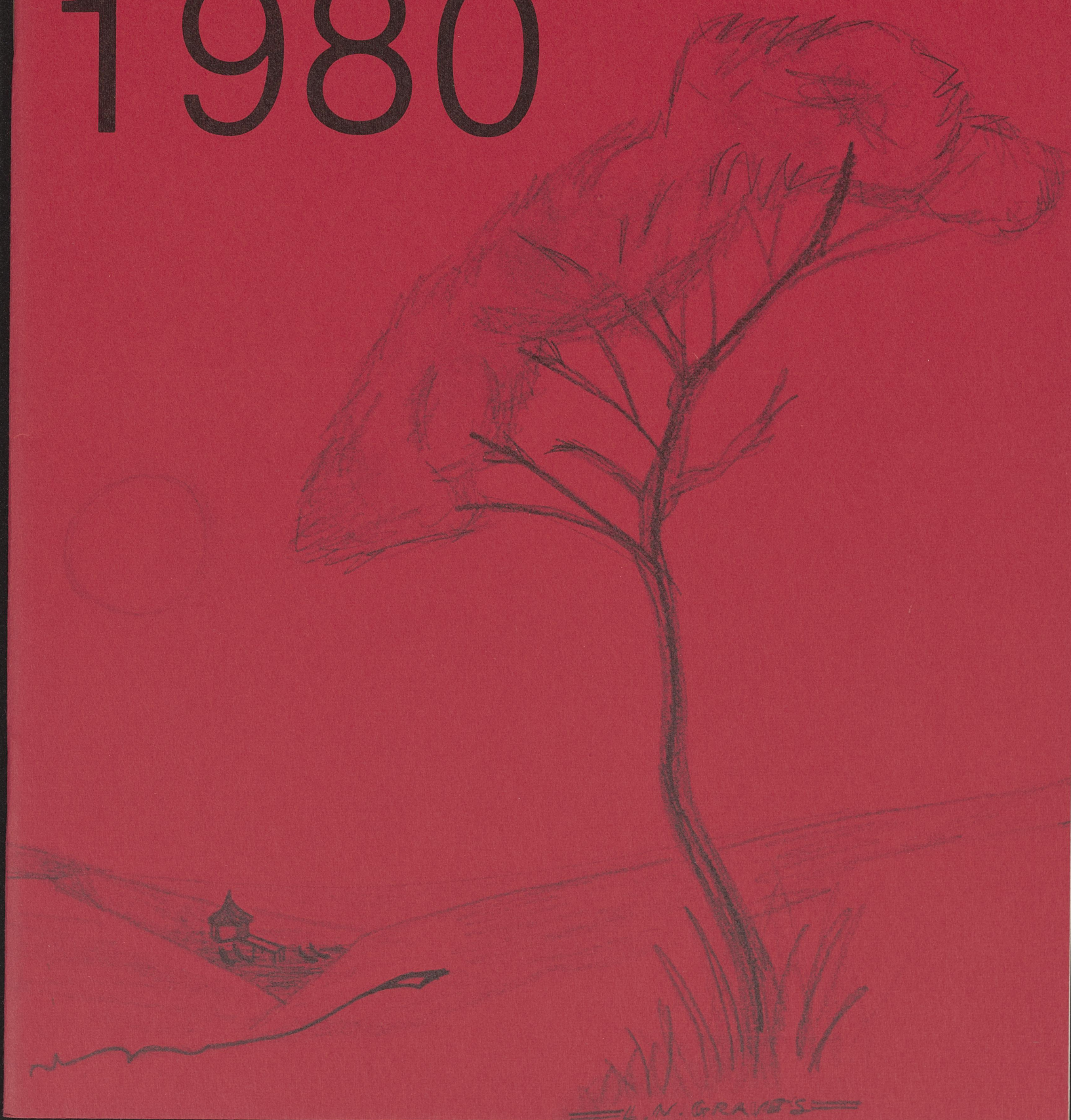
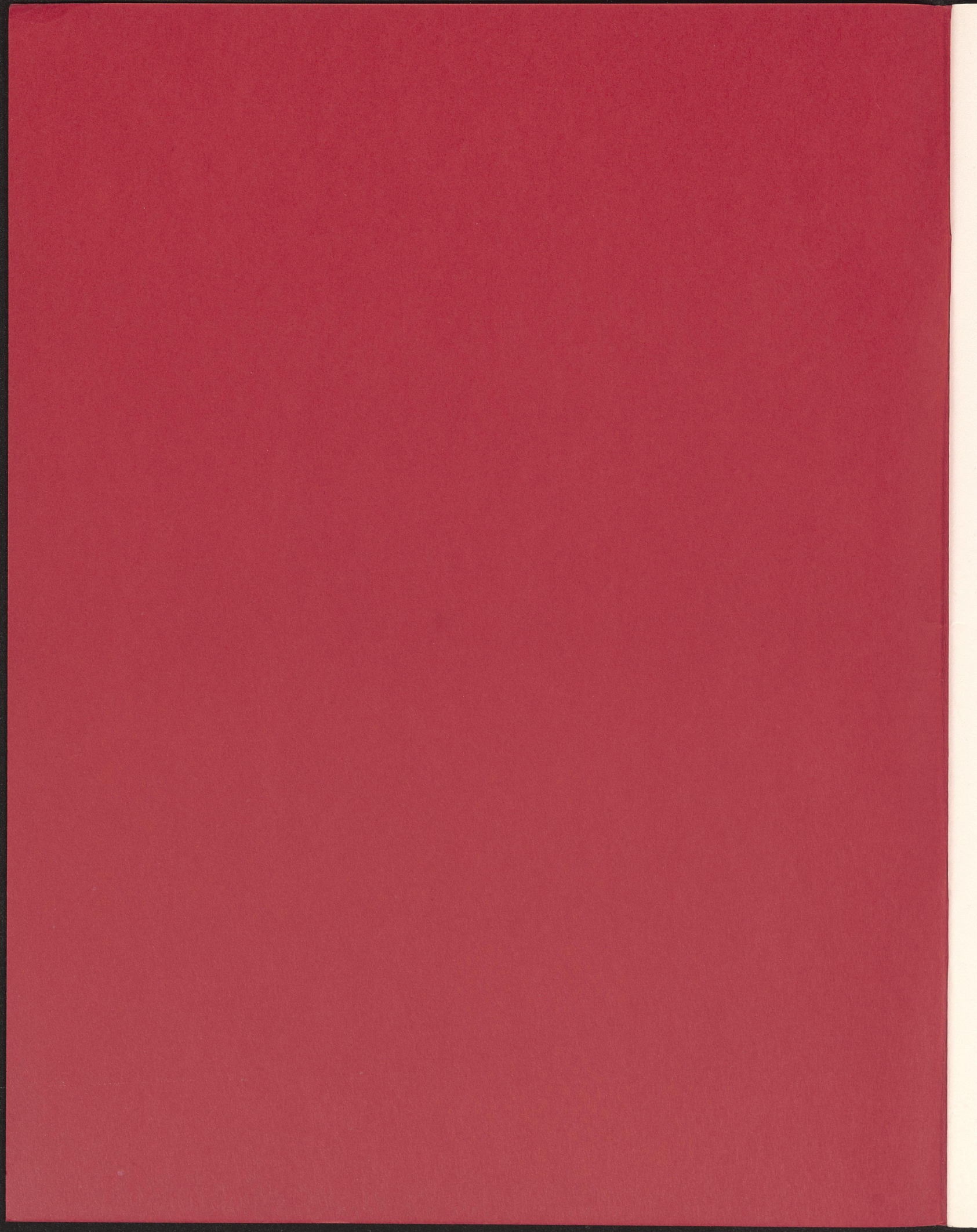


Hallmarks 1980



— L. N. GRAVES —



Hallmarks 1980

MEMBERS

Holly Zimmerman-Membership Chrmn.
Valerie Havard-Hallmarks Chrmn.
Ann Ewing-Secretary/Treasurer
Mrs. Stamps-Sponsor
Millie Adams
Norda Aguila
Martha Arnold
Dorothy Baird
Susanne Bass
Amanda Berry
Bridget Corbin
Stephanie Currey
Beth Ely
Elizabeth Fields
Karen Fleming
Gina Goff
Lucy Graves
Susan Herbert
Julie High
Yi-Fun Hsueh
Margaret Johnson
Juila Metcalfe
Emmie Nelson
Melissa Norton
Catherine Robinson
Lisa Rudolph
Misty Sperry
Betsy Wallace
Mary Laird Warner
Trilby Williams

CONTRIBUTORS

Hannah Bond '82
Virginia Calton '81
Lisa Culbreath '82
Karen Dondanville '80
Kim House '81
Sharon Pendergrass '80
Dianne Rochford '82
Cindy Steltermeier '80
Catherine Wood '80

ARTWORK AND PHOTOGRAPHY

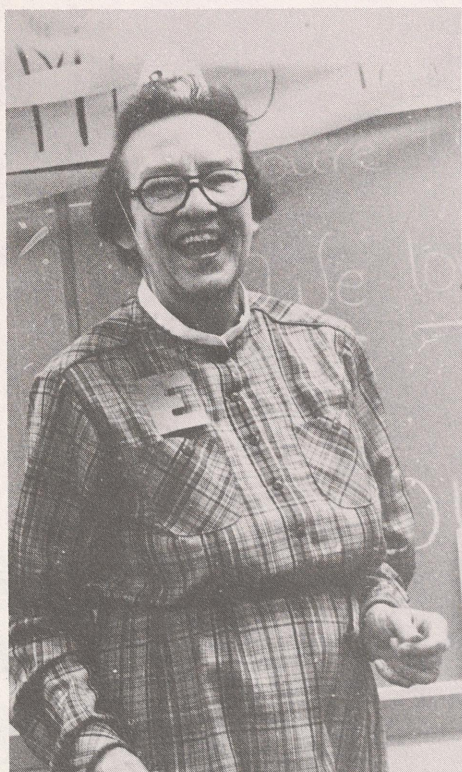
Mille Adams '81
Norda Aguila '80
Lydia Conkin '81
Bridget Corbin '82
Sara Franklin '80
Lucy Graves '81
Emmie Nelson '82
Sharon Pendergrass '80
Laurie Weakley '81

EDITOR — Valerie Havard

COVER — Lucy Graves

Dedication

One of the people we are all very sorry to lose this year is Dr. Morrison. All of us who have had her as a teacher know of her kindness, patience, and love of literature and poetry. If you haven't been lucky enough to be in one of her classes perhaps you know her as the smiling Eccowasin sponsor. She has touched all of us at Harpeth Hall and will be missed dearly. So, with much love, the Penstaff Club dedicates the 1980 Hallmarks to you, Dr. Morrison.

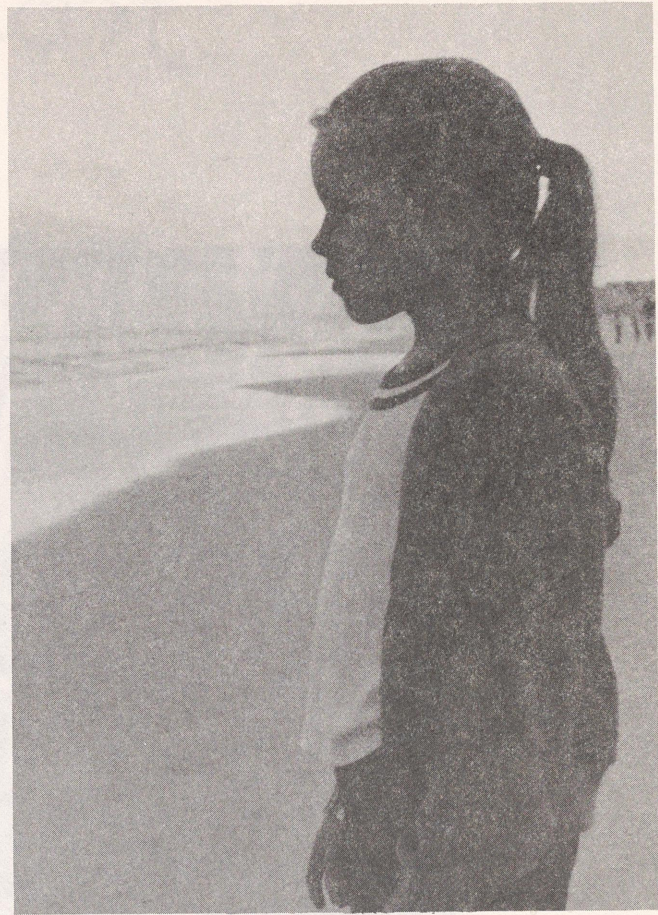




Christina

Millie Adams '81

The wonder of a child is captured in her innocence
The world being hers to explore.
Gathering up her tools she begins her search.
Love, to help her when she stumbles.
Courage, to lead her on to new lands.
Wisdom, to question what she sees.
The sage foolishness given only an innocent child . . .
to wonder.



Dianne Rochford '82

I went down to the point this morning. I guess if one word could describe that place now, it would be lonely, I guess we have a lot in common, the point and I. I think it misses you almost as much as I do. It was our place; we were its past, and it was ours. The old boulder seemed a little less pompous this morning maybe because he's beginning to show his age. The water lapped about his waist, and pretty soon he'll be gone completely along with the rest of the beach. Maybe he misses us clamoring about on his head, who can say? The ocean was gray, a cold, steely gray that caught the sun's feeble first rays and drowned them in its icy depths. The mist that coated everything made it seem as if the point was crying, maybe for its death, maybe for yesterday, maybe for both. I climbed on the boulder and sat for a while trying to recapture all those memories that I'd forgotten. But all the happy memories are gone from there. It is dying, being returned to the sea, inch by inch, almost too involved in its own sorrow to remember us. But as I climbed off the boulder and turned to head for home, I heard voices. Two laughing, happy, young voices, and for a moment the mist parted to let a single ray of sunlight through, striking the boulder. The tears splashed gently down to become a part of the ocean.

We, the Civilized
Melissa Norton '81

We are the civilized people,
living in the land of equality and freedom;
we live the life with the highest values,
with steel buildings looming up before us to insure
Our rights, and to show everyone that we are "just";
Trapped inside these buildings are those who are pros
at picking locks, and yet cannot escape . . .
We make them feel at home there, secluded from
our "civilized" world of traffic and noise and pollution;
We make damned sure their world is just as
dirty and that they are in the majority of the world
who are underfed;
And then we put them in a little cage and turn on
the gas—(after all, isn't that what they expect?)
But we always have the well-fed of our society
vote on what happens to the outcasts of society,
to make sure what we're doing is "civilized"—
I guess it depends on whose Bible you read—
We are the civilized people . . .

Alumna Poem

TO S.D.B.

I think of you—of us
If there ever was an “us,” or if, after all,
there was only you and I
Two separate thoughts taken out of context
Frequently quoted by the masses, never understood
Placed in the midst of a different story—a different setting
Elevated to a language that neither of us could translate—
that left us guessing
We struggled to understand
but the prologue was missing—
lost in the translation.
A brief familiarity that faded into acknowledgment
Leaving only the question of what the ending might have been
had the story been left in the original language.

—Jennifer S. Orth '79

Nearing the End
Sr. Class Poem
Ann Ewing '80

I promised myself I wasn't
going to hate leaving here,
But I am.

It's hard to believe I'm
hanging on. This school has
begrudged on me the most
frustrating, terrifying and
strenuous times of my life.

But it's also given me friends
and experience. And as it all
ends, I lose a certain security.
The decisions that commence
at this point are so scary.

It's sort of the end of an
era, and starting over is
so hard.



Star
Valerie Havard '80

You are a star
in both senses of the word
A glittering object that is reached for
yet never touched
very deceiving
You appear so close yet you're so far away
twinkling, tantalizing one moment
yet vanishing with the first light of dawn
You are also like a star of the stage or screen
so fascinating
teasing the audience
yet when they try to touch you
they are held back by guards or perhaps a plastic screen
so appealing, yet so cold
to be admired yet never touched
And I'm your everlasting fan
Forever a stargazer a star reacher
But never able to capture the precious gem

Mama's Christmas Song
Holly Zimmermann '81

I love this time of year, it turns my heart
like a child, awaiting Christmas Day.
I guess I'll never stop being a child
if growing up means not feeling this way.

There's something kind of magic in putting up a tree,
and hearing "Silver Bells" play in every store.
And I don't mind commercials—men in red on every street,
as long as I believe there's so much more.

Late one Christmas Eve me and my sister lay in bed
and there outside the window saw a light.
Maybe from the neighbor's house, but how were we to know?
It was the star of Bethlehem to us that night.

And then on Christmas morning we'd go rushing down the stairs
and wake up Mama—the time had come at last.
And spend the day with family and laughter and in love
and know another precious year had past.

I even still believe in Santa Claus . . .
I know He'll always have something good for me.
His home is not the North Pole, but the sky,
and the gifts He gives won't fit beneath a tree.

I love this time of year, it turns my heart
like a child, awaiting Christmas Day.
I hope I'll never stop being a child
if growing up means not feeling this way.

47. Bliss
Norda Aguila '80

One too many instead of one less—
Not 46 which is supposed to be the best
That's what the doctor said.
Why my brother?
My first impression.

He's 12 now (but almost 13)
Has the body of a 12 yr. old
But the mind—
Of a 6 or 7 yr. old
Is this fair, God?

But now I'm glad.
Bliss.
His middle name. His nickname.
So fitting.
Why?

He's got the innocence and beauty
Of a Babe.
And he always will.

So what if you're not a 46
But a 47 instead?
You're perfect, little brother.
Just the way you are.

One too many instead
Of one less—

47. Perfect. Bliss.

"About To Fall"
Gina Goff '83

Hanging on futilely to the last thread,
If it breaks I'd be better off dead,
Not knowing what is real, what is pretend,
Running a race without any end.

Looking in the mirror, struggling not to care,
Trying not to cry, pretending not to care,
That nothing is like it is supposed to be,
And everything's changed, especially me.

Clinging to the end of the rope and about to fall,
Trying to climb over an invisible wall,
Wondering and fearing what's on the other side,
Losing my nerve and running to hide.

The Song of the Sea
Emme Nelson '82

The choreography of sparkles
rhythmically
interchanging

...

One chorus
echoing
against barriers

...

The song of the sea.

Catherine T. Robinson '80

I can't reach you, no matter how hard I try
You remain so distant and controlled
Does that cold, calm exterior ever crack
Do wrinkles of worry ever cross that brow
Or hot, painful tears come from those killing eyes
Or is life just a game, you thought you'd watch for a while
A game you once played, but lost
So now you don't take chances
Just sit on the sidelines
What will you do when the game is over?

For Margie With Love
Amanda Berry '80

If life were to pass so quickly
So quietly, so secretly that our stars never met
Would you remember me?
A love time is a life time
the laughter, our tears, our victories, our fears
Would you remember me?
How can you place a label, a sign, an emblem
on someone like you?
Our earthly joys, friendships, hopes
our relationship has gone by too fast
our memories are many.
Would you remember me?
We know our life has been one of love
and our souls will never die.
Our love will last till we meet again
but if our stars never met,
Would you remember me?

Almost Sisters
Julie High '83

Through the past year we've become so close,
Always together.
Joking and teasing each other,
Laughing until the tears come,
And our stomachs become cramped
Over silly, unimportant things.
Surviving sad days and moody nights.
Dependable shoulder:
Whenever needed, forever there.
An ever safe keeper of secrets
Or special dreams.
Sharing all with each other;
Each cheering the other up,
As needed.
Occasionally fighting,
Feeling guilty afterwards,
Talking out our differences.
We look back and think,
"Why did I do that?"
Who cares, anyway?
As long as we're still
Great friends.
Talking about dates and parties
Or how gross the school food looks
Or grades or teachers or clothes.
No matter what we might say,
We listen to each other.
Understanding
Because
We're such good friends—
Almost sisters.

Imitation
Ann Ewing '80

Just seconds pass before I grasp your movement and
execute it with difficulty.
For so long I have shadowed your judgements, tried to
mirror accomplishments, and attempted to become your
twin. It's unbelievably safe, and suddenly it has become
too hard to feel separately and invent my own dance.
But it's never been easy, for I have yet to become an
individual. And I know someday I will follow too closely,
and step on the back of your shoe, and you'll turn
around and slap me in the face.

Myself: a look inside
Ann Ewing '80

For the first time since I saw you last, I thought about us with a sense of grief rather than with a superficial grin while talking with friends. I thought of all the times you said I seemed blue—I was blue and at times I didn't even want to see your face, and I thought you knew it. I'm not very good at covering my emotions, even when I should. I guess that's what comes from being a dramatic person—I suppose it's the attention I love. And yes, you gave me that attention, and demanded it back, but I don't give attention. How selfish I was; I don't think I'm destined to be that way, I just didn't even like you enough to pretend. My love and need for attention are blind—I thought you meant something to me, but you meant nothing. And all those times you told me I was special. I hated that—being told I was special; it made me look into myself. For a while I didn't know why it bothered me; I just couldn't see through my own selfishness to my real feelings for you. God how I used you: your time, your money, your affections.

Finally I saw—I didn't care. I felt so guilty. Had I destroyed you? But I didn't even care that it's you I may have destroyed—it could be anyone. I was so far from loving you, but you never saw it; you just kept telling me I was special.



Kim House '81

Children may contrive imaginary worlds,
But who says that's not better.
Better than restrictions and rigid instructions,
Our minds are bound with fetters.
A child's mind is free of these,
It houses fresh ideas and songs.
If we continue restricting the children,
We will not have them long.

Lucy Graves '81

The clear bay reflects the
crystal city, an image dimmed
only by the morning mist. East-
ward the mountains stand as if
to protect the still serenity of
the day; westward a vast sea
rolls eternally. The silence is
broken by the call of an early
gull; the stillness by the flap
of her wings . . . the recurring
beat of life and living.

Limitations
Hannah Bond '82

By two things only do we live;
Yesterdays,
Memories pinned on a Flowing gown;
Tomorrows,
Hope lighting unknown paths.

By two things only do we die:
Yesterdays,
Deeds writ in scarlet ink;
Tomorrows,
Somber fog engulfing all.



Valerie Havard '80

If I could be one thing
it would be to be a child again
For as I've grown I've learned so many things
that I wish I'd never learned
there are no perfect people in adulthood
but oh the heros of a child
A child is honest
so honest
they take everything one day at a time
they are blunt but loving
sheltered but knowing
however the knowledge of a child is beautiful and pure
As we grow we lose so many important elements of childhood
we see the ugliness of the world
and it makes us bitter
we experience deceit
and in makes us distrustfull
we learn of the imperfections of people
and in makes us fake
Growing up is a realization
And the return to childhood
A dream

Pre-Calculas
Virginia Calton '81

The length of the intestinal tract of a beetle.
The number of Rice Krispies in my cereal box.
The moon weight of a caterpillar.
The number of ingrown toenails acquired in a century.
The number of minutes until the bell rings for lunch.

Friends
Ann Ewing '80

Trees are sturdy (good
for leaning on). It's
easy to find a quiet place
among it's branches; and
trees are great
listeners
(they
never
interrupt).
Trees
stay
around
for a
long
time
too.

I am your tree,
and you are mine

That's the Way Things Are
Emme Nelson '82

Kool-Aid, Jiffy-Pop, peanut butter and jelly
"samwitches," . . .
"Bambi," "The Wizard of Oz," "Escape to Witch
Mountain," . . .
"mary-janes," easter bonnets, talcum powder, . . .
slinks, legos Mr. Potatoe, . . .

Why have these turned into . . .

scotch and soda, b.l.t's., caviar, . . .
"An Unmarried Woman," "Halloween," "Starting
Over," . . .
aprons, mascara, "all in ones," . . .
Stock Market, poker chips, . . .
and children . . .

For My Late Grandmother
Amanda Berry '80

You used to read me stories,
I knew them all by heart,
Little Miss Hen and The Adventures of the Birds.

I loved your voice and expressions,
they made me laugh.
Just being close to you made everything
all right.

Afternoon was teatime and you used to
never tire of my continual pretend play.
Pouring the pretend tea.
Serving the pretend cookies.
You'd always say it was the best you'd
ever tasted.
And just being close to you made
everything all right.

You used to tuck me in at night,
I loved the way you smelled,
like talcum or rose cream,
it's hard to remember now.
You told me that the next day
we could go on a morning walk,
morning air was good.
And maybe we would see Mr. Bluebird or Mr. Robin,
we had read about them both.
but just being close to you made
everything all right.

Now, I'm getting ready for college,
and planning for my life
I cry sometimes,
leaving home for good?
All alone in a new place,
and now I wish, God, I wish
you were here to make everything all right.

Untitled
Dorothy Baird '80

He got up and went to the door;
he looked over the room he would
come to no more.
Over in the corner was his favorite place,
and suddenly a tear appeared on his face.
There was his desk that he smushed clay on,
and under the chair a crumpled crayon.
His floormat was by the big box of toys,
but those were just for little boys.
He turned and slowly walked down the corridor;
This boy was a little boy no more.

Emme Nelson '82

The euphemisms of life are the mask
behind which every actor creates his own
interpretations.

Lucy Graves '81

Rounding the corner,
A light pierces the night.
Small, round, staring;
Nothing but a flash,
And the cat is gone.

Elizabeth Fields '81

has the green eyed monster taken over,
let it be not true
i never had plans of losing you.

Timeless
Holly Zimmermann '81

I am young, learning to be old
You are older, teaching me to be young

I would walk silently, slowly
contemplating the tides and the sun—
But you would choose to run instead
and play silly make-believe games along the beach
coaxing me along
saving contemplation till the sun was not so bright
or sand so warm.

I would talk to you of old things, or important ones—
But you would choose a game instead
saving words till the fun was over
and there was really something to be said.

I would try to consume; to comprehend; to impart
But you would choose to sing a song
for you already understand.

Years seem weak boundary for you and I:
I am young, and sometimes too old, too fast
You are older, but timeless.

It's Never Really There
Susan Herbert '80

The performances are over
All the practices spent—
Those hours which passed in anticipation
of these two nights,

Where have they gone?
Another year, another concert!

But it will never be the same again.
I hope you enjoyed it because it is our being.
The smiles and pleasure we achieved—
Giving part of ourselves to others—
Giving them a taste of our life.

Well,
Wasn't it worth it?
Isn't that what it is all about?
No need to dwell on times gone by.
Move ahead—The dances will survive in your heart
and memories.
You'll always hold them,
So don't let them slip away.
Because you're a dancer!
And dancing is your life—

So Nothing is really over.

Valerie Havard '80

Another day has passed
filled with school and rehearsals and a million other things
I'm lying here
too tired to finish my homework, get dressed, or even think
opening night is tomorrow
the culmination of all the long nights and endless afternoons
of practice
Two nights, two bows, two rounds of applause and it's all over
all those hours for what seems like a few fleeting moments
The curtain closes
and we're all tired . . . but happy
Joined by a bond
a bond made up of hours of rehearsals
days we thought it would never come together
tears
tears of frustration
tears of joy
But soon we will go back to normal days
days which are not so tiresome . . . not so fulfilling
and we may see each other occasionally
and exchange greetings and memories
Yet we are no longer one . . . no longer a family
It is so sad the unity of the play falls with the last curtain

"The Spotlight Once Again"
Gina Goff '83

The stooped old man shuffling dejectedly across the
wooden stage, stopping as a discarded candy wrapper
catches his eye.

As he remembers, his face suddenly shines with a feeling
as forgotten over the years as the empty wrapper. In the
spotlight once again, he lifts his arms in triumph as he
returns in his fleeting fantasy to a world that was once his
but never can be again. Steadily staring into the black sea
of empty chairs, his face finds its accustomed mask,
carefully void of emotion, as he slowly continues making
his way into the steely cold of winter.



The Meeting

Karen Dondanville '80

"I like her not!" he shouts with an angry glare,
"Her waist is broad, her mouth is loud and wide,
Her clothing is unstyled, her skin rough hide,
Am I supposed to wed this Flanders mare?
Her ignorance is great and extraordinaire,
And neither won when brains and beauty vied,
Both portrait and the bright descriptions lied,
I feel naught but distaste nor do I care,"
"This is my bridegroom? This is the famous king?"
He is clumsy and extremely fat.
I am alone and friendless in his land.
Why did I have to accept his ring?
His close-set eyes remind me of a rat.
It is to this man I must give my hand?"

This sonnet may need some explanation.
It is based on the reactions of Henry the
8th and his fourth wife, Anne of Cleaves,
to each other after their first meeting.

Grandmother Ewing

Ann Ewing '80

Years ago, I sat with you.
And as I sat with you, or
Lay beside you, we talked;
And I was your friend—
My thoughts and ideas were
important.

And you gave of yourself;
To each confidence and strength
To live life, and your own self.

And in the eyes of the man
You left behind, I see you,
And your love, and your gift.

And in the eyes of the boy
You left behind, I see love,
And concern and hope.

And though I cannot believe
In a god that guides me,
Or holds me, I often feel
You near me in those you
left behind.

In all the world . . .

Dorothy Baird '80

In all the world—

Lots of people are dreamers
Only the dreams you don't dare to dream
Very seldom come true.
Especially those that tease reality
(Dreams are the fears of reality.)

Yesterday I decided not to be a dreamer
Only I didn't realize the consequences—
Unless you dream all your dreams, they can't come true.

Martha Arnold '81

Her hair is streaked, some grey, some white,
an obvious sign of age,
Yet hair can fade but wisdom cannot,
a keen mind won't lock away.

The old woman is in prison
A fine home to which she was sent.
Her children agreed this home was the best
And here mother would be content.

Whenever they join together
they justify what they have done,
"She forgot names and places, and people sometimes,
Her own age she will now be among."

It is true the old are forgetful
and their minds not always keen,
but life's years yield experience and wisdom,
Virtues sometimes unseen.

To secure the old in a home
can sometimes be justified,
But thank God the mind cannot be secured,
and the soul cannot be tied.

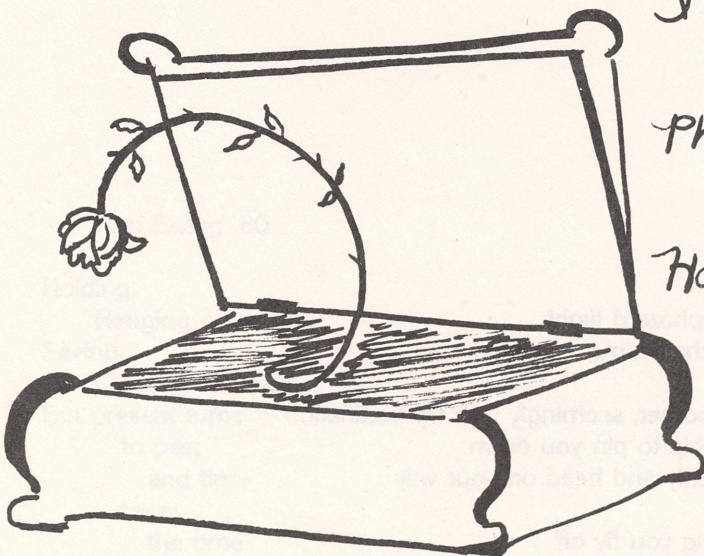
Only On the Surface
Julia Metcalfe '80

The Album
Trilby Williams '80

Somewhere back the white became dim and thin,
And that neglect that breeds
the hazy words and faded color
Made vain the perfection
of each corner and date.
Was it dust that let the life quietly slip
from the pages,
And dark that slowly erased
the captured light,
Or perhaps the indifference
that simply left no room to be?

Did you ever get confused
just listening to conversation?
All those petty words girls are full of—
Jane says Bob is a real animal.
Ann says that Bill is a hunk
—Because he drives a red corvette.
But Morris is a nub and all night he talked
about psychological tendencies among wild
raccoons.
And Jill will act like she doesn't care
because Don didn't call.
John is a smush because he's the quarterback—
And he'll hate you if you're not wearing a
gold add-a-bead necklace and an Aigner belt.
But you can't be in a mold.
There's someone who will love you—
Just for being yourself.
There's no need to act
Because that has no substance or reality.
I've got to be me.
I've just got to be me.

The Box
Holly Zimmermann '81



I found you in a box
I packed away—
Photographs and letters
and a rose
Had I only known
you lived in there
I would have taken care
to leave it closed.

Weren't You There?
Susan Herbert '80

Weren't you there when I needed a hand to hold on to?
Weren't you there when I needed a shoulder to cry on?
Weren't you there to cheer me up when I was feeling down?

Were you there when I wanted you the most?
—When I wanted to return your strength!

No,
You'd already fallen.
My only sorrow is that
I wasn't there to catch *you*.

To a deaf friend
Elizabeth Fields '80

the rain finally stopped.
it was pleasant outside
with the sound of the trees
shaking off the water,
birds chattering,
splashing sounds from passing cars,
laughter of the children
and the pounding
of their running feet on wet pavement—
if only you could enjoy it as much as I, my friend.

The Elusive Butterfly
Catherine T. Robinson '80

You spread your wings and start your haphazard flight
I stand alone on the ground with upstretched arms
How I wish I could join you
But you flit absently from one place to another, seemingly with no destination
You head one way and I think I will be able to pin you down
You land momentarily, only to rise suddenly and head on your way
I run towards you, but you are gone
And I stand alone, emptyhanded, watching you fly off

Cindy Steltemeier '80

Friendship lasts—
Love never fails—
If time should
ever sever
what time brought
together
Let me say it now
Have a terrific
forever!

Politics
Ann Ewing '80

As a child, I heard the president
speak often, but I didn't understand.
So it didn't matter,
And life went on.

Now he speaks, and I still don't
understand it all.
And life goes on,
But now I'm scared.

8th Grade Combo
Julie High '83

The big fall dance is coming.
You call your special date—
This cute boy you've been liking;
You think he's really great.
You dial with trembling fingers—
You hope he'll be at home.
You hear his voice in answer;
You blush, though you're alone
Casually you bring up
The dance that is to be.
When he tells you that he'll go,
You nearly scream with glee.
You get a brand new outfit—
The very Latest style.
When the others ask your date
You tell them with a smile.
See the whole group turn deep green—
Oh, but they're so jealous!
When you show up with this hunk
You'll be downright zealous.
Excited and all decked out—
You're gonna have a blast!
Suddenly, you discover
That the night has passed.
When the pictures come to school
You have so much fun!
Seeing them all and asking,
"Please do give me one!"
And so time flies right on by—
Your romance is broken:
And the little photographs
Are your only token—
In a few years you'll look back
Over a diet coke;
I promise you, you'll laugh and say
"isn't that a *joke!*"

Ann Ewing '80

Holding,
 Hanging on to time.
Saving,
 Cradling the days.
But present turns
 to past
 and time
 takes
 the time
 away . . .

Not just another one
Norda Aguila '80

Friends,
A funny word.
Why, that's all we intended to be.
But it grew.

Grew it did.
I was afraid it would follow
the same pattern

Pattern,
A funny word.
But to be honest, we didn't follow
the pattern.

So we didn't follow
the pattern.
Not just friends—
Not just another pattern. . .

Emme Nelson '82

We sweep the ashes from Pandora's Box
into the vault of faith.

Valerie Havard '80

Days are passing in a blur
And soon, I feel, like a childhood playmate
I will lose you
it scares me yet I know I will always have a memory
like I do know, of making mud pies and skipping rope
I know I'll carry your memory because I never fail
to remember pleasant things
and you—you are very pleasant

The "Country Club" Scene
Melissa Norton '81

They sit, stone-faced:
women with stiff rouge lines, men admiring
their digital watches.
And the pastor issues the call
to look, listen, do,
and they nod slowly and do nothing.
They partake of the holy water, grape juice,
and think of the wine they had the night before.
And the pastor blesses them—
Go, may God be with you—
and they rise, smile and wonder
what florist supplied the altar arrangement.
. . . In the reflection of the stained glass
window, I see myself:
face painted, body poised, one of *them*;
and I turn my head and cry quietly
as I rise to receive the Holy Benediction.

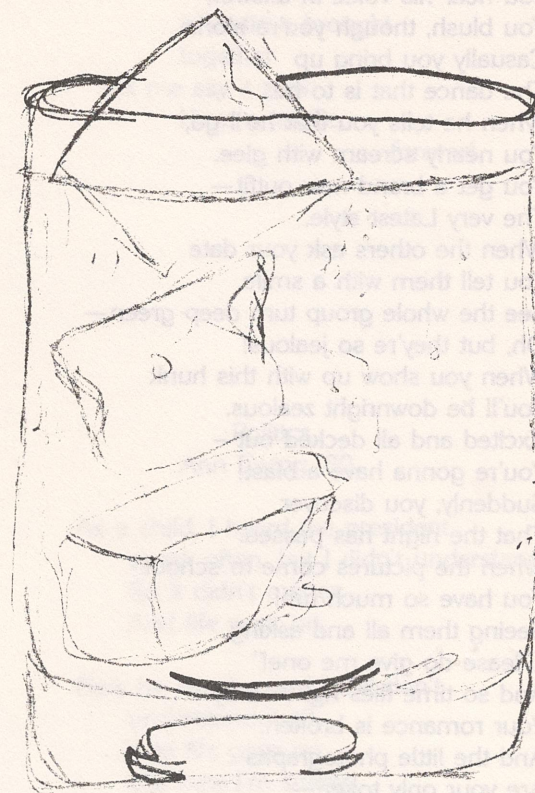
The Eucharist
Beth Ely '80

Stainglass shadows pass
between pews
like sunlight through drops of wine.
as
Liquid ruby puddles
thicken on the floor
and—
one by one
we dip our fingers to suck
on the earthy richness.

Adam
Misty Sperry '80

One man seemingly all alone
Yet he has one companion—
The Greatest Companion.

Woman comes.
Now man knows loneliness.



Sharon Pendergrass '80

I knew he was special
From the first time I saw him
there seemed to be a bond between us
and immediately we were swept into our own world
sheltered from harm
But when I reached for him
he was gone.
Gone as suddenly as he came
Now he is gone but within me still remains
his memory and my undying love for him.

Elizabeth Fields '80

Lost in a once warm world am I
separated from it by darkness
never to be found in this world am I
unless I learn to see

Found in a once warm world am I
made to face the light
never to be lost again am I
because of your love for me.

Eyes
Kim House '81

My eyes tell everything
They tell my thoughts and emotions.
Look into my eyes,
Then say you love me too.

Mound of Clay
Lisa Rudolph '80

A
A mound
A worthless mound
A worthless mound of
A worthless mound of lumpy, dirty clay
A worthless mound of lumpy, dirty clay was lifted up, molded,
and shaped.
Shaped by the gentle touch of One
You
Me
A masterpiece.....to God
But we are not yet complete.
We must be put through the fire to become firm, sturdy.
And if someday you or I chance to break, He will tenderly cement
us back together and make us whole once more
A masterpiece.

Emme Nelson '82

Dancing umbrellas are like multicolored sunshines
that enhance the vitality of a rainy day.

Lucy Graves '81

Define Art.
The freedom of beauty,
The beauty of freedom.
The beauty which flows from living things.

* * *

The very essence of beauty exists
in the mind;
It will not be fettered and chained
by paper and pen.
A true artist delights in his own thoughts,
For true art is in its purest, most beautiful state
in the mind of its creator.

Pinnacle Port
Holly Zimmermann '81

a heady fog washed from the sky
symmetric stacks of mailbox homes
where financially anchored, sworn sailors-at-heart
stare out bay windows, to the sea
back through nothingness, at me.



Emme Nelson '82

A face of supple saddle wax
Of features soft and mild.
Washed out eyes and white hedged brows.
A rouge smear to smile a mile.
Crevices of experience and furrows of age.
Dimples from his very first day.
Pillow white hair, clay molded ears.
Eight reindeer and a sleigh.

Just For the Moment
Melissa Norton '81

Just for the moment,
just for today,
live for the now, not in the past,
for love may go and we won't last.
The storms may come and cloud our way;
it's just for the moment,
just for today.

Mary Laird Warner '82

Each a rigid, independent individual:
Steady in their past, optimistic in their future,
Continually spreading, reaching to the limits of the sky.
Growing farther and farther away from each other,
Never stopping to grope, regress, and find their point
of separation,
Never seeking their past union and friendship
that was the very basis of their love.

The roots are the same.
A strong, sturdy trunk.
A sudden split of limbs, branching out
Never to touch the other again.

An unpredicted, frightful flash of light—
A sickening sound of splintering flesh and wood.
The tree is fallen.
Their life is fallen.
But love emerges as the seed of their renewal.

True Friends
(to K.A.O., C.A.C.)
Ann Ewing '80

When I wish upon a star
I wish for your happiness.
For my happiness stems from
Your joy and liveliness.

And when I ponder my life
Without you, I shed tears.
You've given me much joy
That I couldn't have lived without.

And when I seek love,
I call you. For you've always
Been there, and I'll always
Be there for you.

Pass It On
Melissa Norton '81

I found a key—
rusted, lying in a gutter—
I took it home, polished it,
and put it back on the street . . .
. . . you found it,
and unlocked the door.

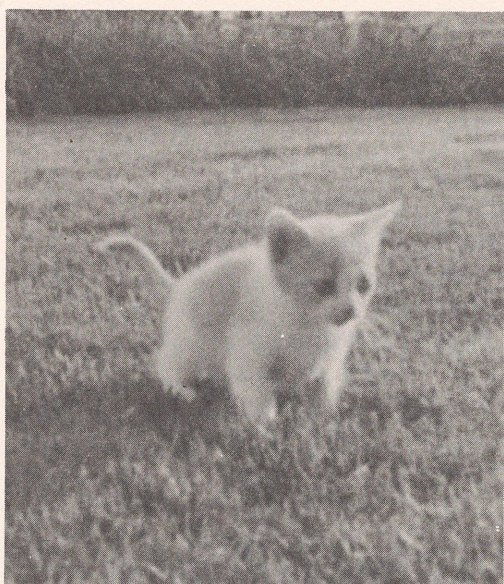
you
you are you
that's good
I am me
I wish that was good
enough for you.

Bridgit Corbin '80



Elizabeth Fields '80

Love, you and I are like the hands of a clock
we part only to meet again.



A Cat's Tail
Misty Sperry '80

Swaying like a silent pendulum
And full of constant momentum
The snake slithers along
In time to the melodious song
Of the Persian Tom

Valerie Havard '80

He felt himself sinking
drowning is not a such a great way to die
what an absurd thought
he laughed inwardly
he wondered if he would make the morning papers
no of course not
because no one will find him
the ocean looked calm and serene
yet cold void of emotion
he remembered days when it had seemed angry
the sky above it eerie gray
the wild waves crashing against the rocks
at least then he had seen some emotion
this he thought is scarier then a storm
because this is indifferent
like my life

The Melody of Modern Art
Emme Nelson '82

A sympathy of color coordinated triangles balancing
precariously on their shaven points. A choir of trapezoids,
suspended in harmony. A system of circles in a network of
rythmn. Symmetrical hearts, pulsing to an odd beat. Deep
color conducting invisible vibrations. Shapes enunciating
themselves in brilliant hues. Figures dancing, whirling,
strumming and spinning a clash of crimson, a tingle of
blue, . . .

Hell
Martha Arnold '81

Choosing, failing, dying, falling,
Dripping, burning, thirsting, calling,
Pleading, begging, scorching fire,
Flame and smoke rise higher, higher,

Choking, thirsting, whipping, beating,
Slashing, ripping, working, bleeding,
Chaining, torturing, sweating, needing,
Wanting water, thirsting, pleading,

No relief the torture, pain,
Never recedes, always remains,
Souls in anguish, bleeding, bleeding,
Crying, calling, always pleading,

No relief, scorching fire,
Flame and smoke rise higher, higher

Death for a Child
Trilby Williams '80

Could there be truth
in eternal dreams—

Of wishing-well sparkles and cottony skies,
Where teddy bears dance

on frosted fields

That dazzle of lemon-drop springs?

And time went away

And forgot,

And let play the clouds

By multicolored castles

Swirled in peppermint ribbons

Forever . . .

Believe in hope,

And hope will herald the dreams with song.

Untitled
Dorothy Baird '80

The bear was brown and worn with love,
A love that could last for years.
It is sad; oh, so sad that a bear,
So brown, so loved
couldn't even cry real tears.
That is—if it wanted to.



Pedestal
Susan Herbert '80

She leaves the lighted arena and wonders about
the rose petals draped across the linings of her heart.
She smiles, but she's lonely underneath her masquerade.

A pedestal awaits her pictured frame because she's
been there and back again. She's been someone else for
a while, but who is she now?

She's not really there anymore.

She's resting beside that pedestal—
afraid to climb up because she doesn't want to take the
risk of getting up there and then falling off,
again.



For Pam—
Susan Herbert '80

You know,
It's strange ("wicked too")
Neither of us thought we'd end up this way.
But we have.
Aren't you glad!
I see your bewildered face,
Pondering over what has gone before,
What is
And what is to be.
You don't harbor your feelings and
Lock them away—
You say what you feel!
That's important!
And that's precisely what I like about you.

All I can say—
I love You (because it says it all.)
And I'm glad we've got such a wonderful
relationship.
I've learned so much of love, life, and
friendship because of you.

We'll work to heal the wounds
And we'll have beautiful days together, too.

I'm glad you've become such a Very Special
sister, because of love.

I do love you! (And That says it all!)

Dear God
Lisa Culbreath '82

I wanted to write a prayer to tell you how I cared.
To express my appreciation and my Christian love,
But when I tried to write it, the words I honestly
could not find.
So I have summed it all up in the two most sincere
words there are:

Dear God,
THANK YOU!

Valerie Havard '80

I thought to write of death
but the words just would not come
Perhaps it is because I've never had to deal with it
Until yesterday
Or was it a million yesterdays ago
I thought to write of deceit
but the words just would not come
Although I've had to deal with it everyday
yesterday, tomorrow, and even today
I thought to write of love and hate and other things
but the words just would not come
Perhaps it is because I've had to deal with them
and done it . . . unsuccessfully

Funeral
Amanda Berry '80

What do you say to someone who
has had a death in the family?
"He really looks good in blue."
"Well it had to happen sometime."
or "He was in a lot of pain, you know."
"It's much better this way."
but how about . . .
"I'm here when you need me
and I love you."

May 1979
Name Withheld

Junk. Nothing's getting done. It's o.k.
Words, Words, Words in my ears—
Well meant but not really, well said but not many.
Is speech both a gift and a curse?
 Speech is a gift to the bearer;
 A seduction, a curse to the ears.
The snake-charmer's pipe has been heard
 on the train—a song on a harmonica.

Old man with your deer in the mountains,
Why's it so hard to forget?
The wind in your ears ought to drown out
 the tears.
Tomorrow is such a long time.

To sing with my heart is much better than
crying—to waste all my feelings away.

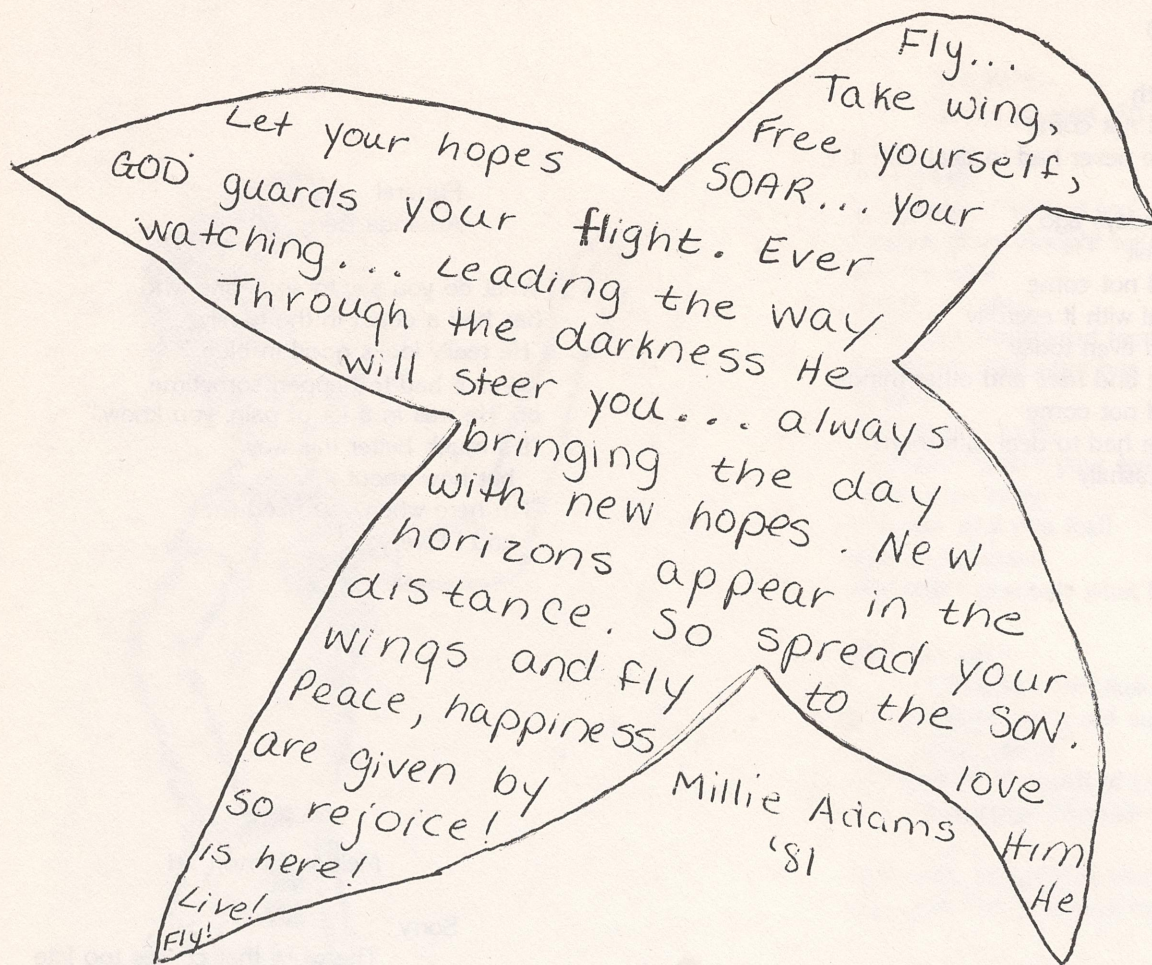
You are the reason I'm singing.
You are my pair of new eyes.
The snake-charmer's pipe has got
 nothing on you.
It's you who I'd trust with my life.
The gift of your speech is a blessing.
You laugh, I know life will be fine.
United we stand and Divided we fall and together we stand for all time.

Melissa Norton '81

Sorry . . .
The word that comes too late
and is uttered too softly
when other words are done,
much too loudly.

I
 can read them so well
they reveal all
 the more you conceal
the more they tell . . .

Bridgit Corbin '80



Friends?
Catherine Wood '80

What are friends for?
I used to think they were people you played with,
But I was young and foolish then.
Then I thought they were people you hung out with,
But I was young then.
Then I thought they were people who cared about you,
But I was foolish then.
Now I know that friends are people you trust,
But I am still Young and foolish.

Catherine T. Robinson '80

A frantic hurricane
Scrambled words within my mind
Then the calm
At the eye of the storm
Floating, unhurriedly among the clouds
Cool, clean, whiteness
An empty page

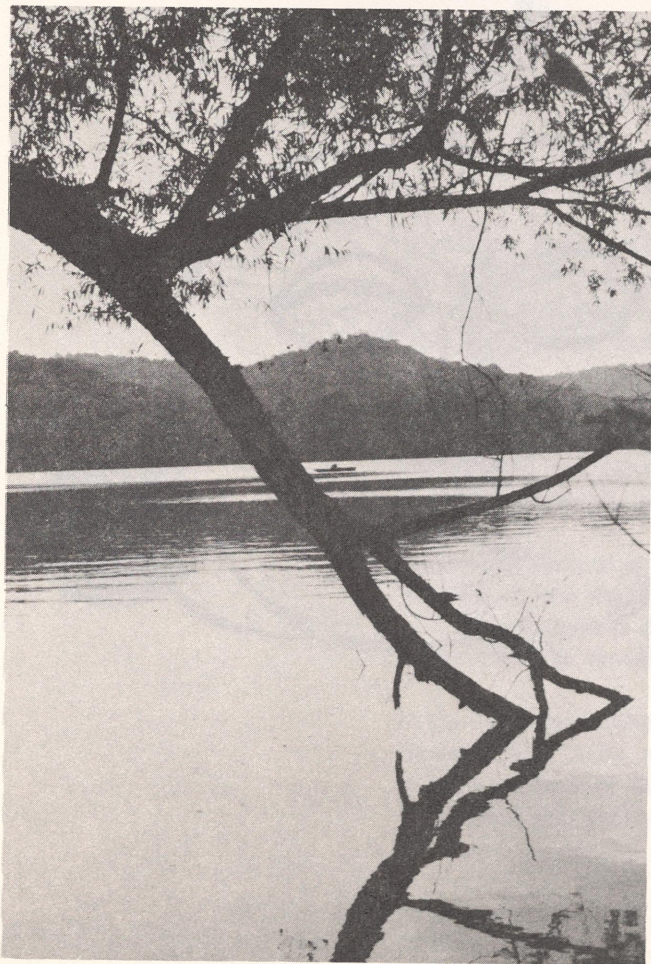
Emme Nelson '82

The kaleidoscope of magic is
A tube of unseen power,

A supernatural force is felt,
And colors seem to tower.

Pieces of wonder spin rapidly round
And images of question arise,

Once shaken the segments of color
Diffuse, forming a new surprise.



Love Song to an Old Friend
Holly Zimmerman '81

Forever was surely ours to share, my friend.
But forever never lasts as long as we intend.
Look at all the time and all the life
we've both been through
since our forever ended, and I stopped
knowing you.

And look, we've both grown up—
we said we never would.
Our lives have grown apart—
we thought they never could.
If I could be so careless
to let you slip away,
is everything I loved then
lost to me today?

And no, you'll never see what I've been through
since last with you,
And I can never go where you have been
since then.
We used to be inseparable, now we go
our separate ways.
Sometimes I wish I'd never left those days.

"It's part of growing older—learning to let go"
of yesterdays and people you used to love and know.
So, friend, will you come talk to me
and hold me while I cry
for old friends, long forgotten,
and all the time gone by.

Valerie Havard '80

The words are harsh and ugly
the looks are cold and distant
the feelings are mixed
the heart is broken

The Prisoner
Melissa Norton '81

There he is, dependent on time,
to carry him away from himself
and the mess of a life he has created.
The sand dwindles down in the hourglass,
but he is unaware of it,
being so far away from the sight of sand.
Locked in a place where sand comes only in dreams,
and dreams that his life was worthwhile.
The psychiatrist wants to know about his dreams
and thoughts, but he couldn't really tell a shrink
about wanting what he never had.
And so he laughs ironically and stares ahead,
and the shrink classifies him as insane
and the papers use the word hopeless.
He wonders about the time,
but all he knows is that it has been an eternity,
and tomorrow, they say, will bring him closer to the "end."
And he laughs again.
The sand dwindles down in the hourglass,
telling him it's too late.

Hannah Bond '82

Imprints in the butter,
Handprints in the lard,
Pig fat on my mother,
After baking she's so tired



me

*I used to be sad all the time
because I couldn't see
but now my life has turned around
I see what you've done to me
I'm not your puppet anymore
I'll be what I want to be
I'm growing and I'm changing
for now I am free . . .*

Bridgit Corbin '80



"The Ocean"
Gina Goff '83

A restless, angry giant pounding the shore
Venting its fury with a thunderous roar
Churning and swirling as if to pretend
That to its power there is no end.

Quiet and gentle, royally blue
This is the mighty ocean too
Playing and splashing in the wave-making fun
Sparkling endlessly under the sun.

At another time of an overcast day
The clouds are low and solemnly grey
The seagulls swoop down as they play and fight
In the mist that envelopes them almost like night.

In the hazy depths where the still silence rings
Beautiful fish, crabs, and coral among other things
Form a rainbow of life that will always remain
To flourish and grow in the murky terrian.

Valerie Havard '80

With a determined face
the tiny child reaches a pudgy hand
to hang the silver ball above her head
Suddenly her hand slips
and the glittering ornament crashes to the floor
into a million tiny slivers.
Her tiny face is reflected in one round piece
but then a tear falls to distort the saddened image

Catherine T. Robinson '80

Scheming, dreaming, always believing
Lying, smiling, such faking
When will it end?

Struggling, fighting, always trying
Hiding, retreating, never escaping
When will it ever end?

Aching, longing, always hurting
Crying, screaming, no more breathing
It ends.

Sisters
Ann Ewing '80

So diverse, the three of us.
But we come together
from different worlds,
And we talk and
Share our lives.
And the love is there.
So diverse, yet so close.

"The Meek Shall Inherit the Earth"
Melissa Norton '81

Someday I will stand up,
straight and tall,
and when you kick me
I will not fall.
And if you burn me
on the scorching sand,
I will remember that
that's God's plan.
Cut me down—
I will not cry,
for someday
I won't have to die.
Lock me away on a
treeless plain,
but I'll reign.
You may laugh and shake your head
shake your head,
but the truth will win out
when we're dead.
In this world you enjoy
a noble birth,
but someday, someday,
the "meek shall inherit the earth!"

The Method of Modern Art

Emme Nelson '82

Figures dancing, whirling, lives in brilliant wilds.

streaming and spinning, a dash of crimson, a tinge of blue, ...

points. A chair of Haproids, suspended in harmony. a system of angles in a

an odd wat. Deep color conducting invisible vibrations. Shapes announcing
a supply of color coordinated triangles balancing precariously on their

Supply of colds to hospitals

The melody of acrylics...

Picasso discovers the Boston Pops.

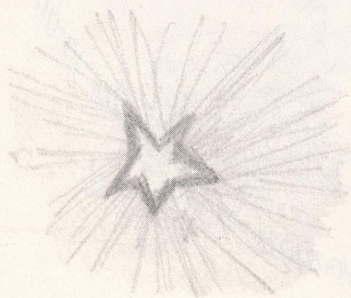
Why?

Julie Metcalfe '80

I am so young,
But I won't be for long;
This life is so temporary.
It's so weird to think about it,
But I thought you'd be around forever.
It's just that I thought I wouldn't be upset again when I went back.
But it hit home.
That stone with your name on it.
1910-1979 . . .
1979. That's *it* isn't it?
There's no explaining that certain stab in the heart—
Just seeing that stupid marker.

I always just sit there and talk to you.
I'm sure you hear me,
But don't I feel like an idiot?
Just grass, soil, a marker, and you.
And I talk to something that can't answer.
Yes, something—not someone.
It's almost funny.
Sure I thought about it,
But I never really believed that
Someday I'd have to visit your grave.
Or at least this soon, anyway.
Reality hurts.
I feel as if somehow I've been betrayed.
Lord I don't want to be bitter.
But I loved him.
And I still love him.
And I love the memories.
It's just that it's hard to love the inanimate.
Lord, it's so damn hard to love a grave.

But bye now, dear.
I will be back.
I'll be back to talk.
It's the last and closest tie;
It's you buried under my feet.



"Ivy"

Gina Goff '83

Clinging firmly to the crumbling bricks,
The ivy struggles yet slowly climbs,
Inching into the invisible cracks
Through which cold has begun to seep.
Destroying . . .
Now the wall falls to pieces.
It was not so strong after all.
No more bricks, nothing.

Colorblind
Melissa Norton '81

When young I would describe
green as the color of tall, waving blades of country grass,
and golden were the rays of the morning sun.
Grey to me meant the sky before a summer storm;
blue was the rolling eternity of the heavens on a clear day.
Now I'm confused . . .
As I've grown older, people have taught me that
green marks the background for a dollar bill,
and gold comes in karats and costs a lot.
Grey foreshadows white hair and is to be hidden or plucked.
And beautiful blue is the color of a kidney-shaped pool.
. . . I think I'm colorblind. . . .

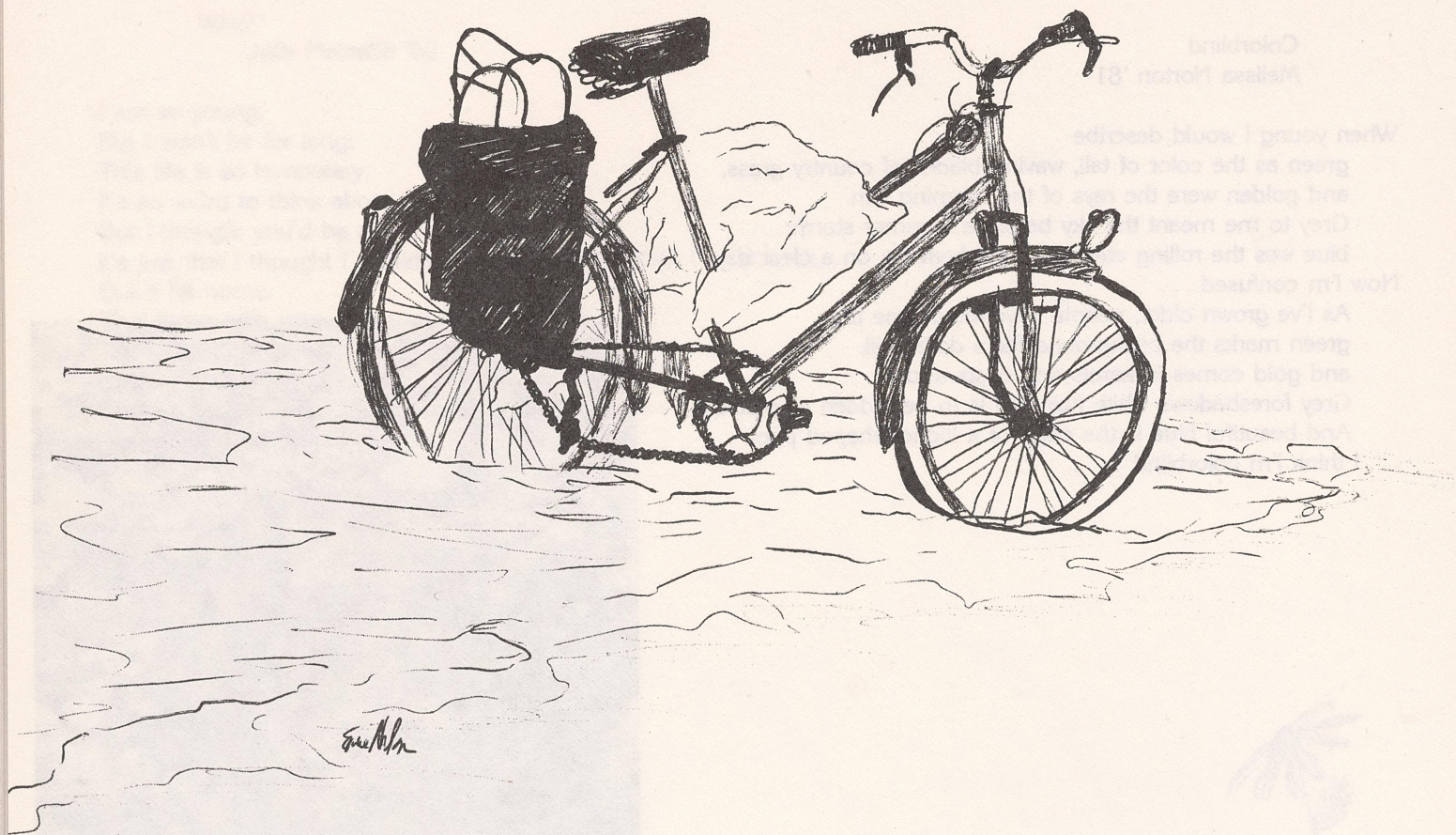
Memories
Millie Adams '81

Drifting through time the memories
carry me.
Onboard the ship I sail away.
Happy at times, crushed at others.
Torrential rainstorms may delay my
progress, but none are strong
enough to stop me.
My ship keeps moving,
Drifting through time,
Discovering new lands unceasingly,
Claiming them as my own.
If my ship were to cease then the
breath of life would halt,
I cannot exist without memories.
The joy of them brings me through
the storms.
As my ship sails today,
It will sail tomorrow.



Valerie Havard '80

If I had a stone I'd throw it in your face
If I had a knife I'd stab you in the back
If I had a rope I'd wrap it around your neck
And if I had a rose I'd place it on your grave



Catherine T. Robinson '80

I've played your game, now you play mine
 Saying false words which only feed the pain
 I won't take it anymore
 Find someone else to kick around
 Because I won't be your pawn
 Don't give me that grin, it won't work anymore
 One time too many you've had your way
 I'll make the rules this time
 If you don't like them, I guess I win by default
 I can't wait to see the look of defeat
 So foreign to your face
 See how you like being the loser
 You'll find it's not as easy as it looks
 And the pain only gets worse
 I should know

(Untitled)
 Dorothy Baird '80

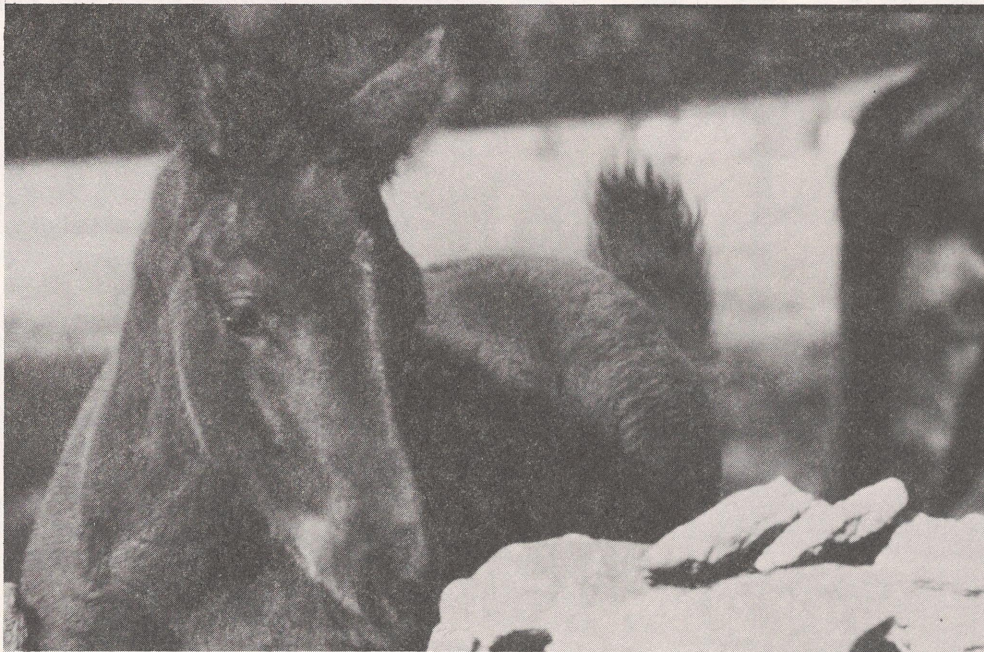
Maybe someday he will come back.
 No explanation will be needed.
 Maybe when the time is right, if ever.

Who knows what happened?
 I don't; maybe he does.
 Maybe that is what makes me still
 hang on—
 It hurts to let go.
 I don't know; maybe he does.

Snowpeople
Lisa Rudolph '80

Crisp, fresh, sparkling with radiance
Stunningly intricate
Never to be duplicated
No two are the same—
Snow flakes.

Crisp, fresh, sparkling with radiance
Stunningly intricate
Never to be duplicated
No two are the same—
People.



Brother
Ann Ewing '80

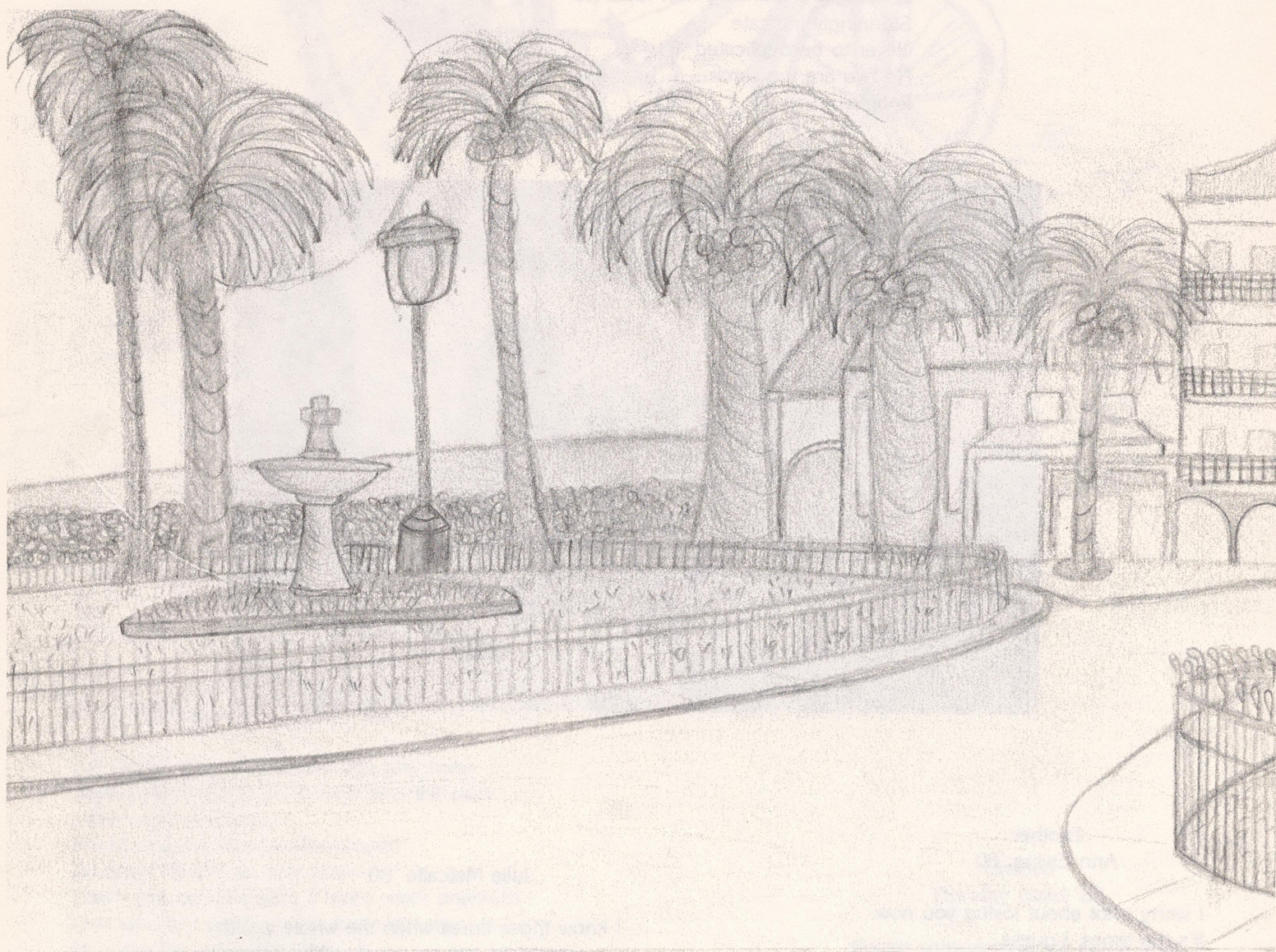
I worry a lot about losing you now.
It's the times, I guess.

You say you'd go to war
without a second thought:
A thought about those who
have been there before.

I respect your love for freedom,
And I admire your courage.
Of course I want freedom, too,
But I'd rather have you:
As I have always known you.

Julia Metcalfe '80

I know those times when the whole world
seems to rest on my shoulders alone.
A deluge or emotion and confusion,
and my gritted teeth make my head hurt.
My face flushes,
And a hot tear stings my eyes
and rushes down my face.
I hate to cry.
It messes up my make up.
But tears empty me of the clouds
distorting my vision
So that I see sunshine again,
And I can take a deep refreshing breath
and smile again.
Thank you Lord for tears.



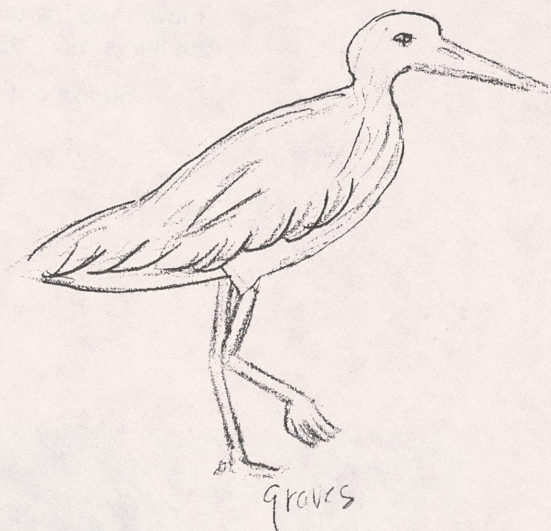
Lucy N. Graves 1979

The Human Race
Trilby Williams '80

To the unaccustomed eye
Life appears a bitter game—
The board is set,
The pieces marked
As players conscious only of the moves
That carry them slowly upwards,

No rules impede this struggle,
And any design of deceit,
Feeding on the ruins of ancient virtue,
is revered inspiration for advance.
It sees the desperation
Born of confused violent drive
Groping relentlessly
Tearing flesh and searing spirit,
Clinging hopelessly—
No wonder they call it the human race.

And when the dust is settled,
Where will the gold come from,
And who will present the crown?



The Plastic Person
Lisa Culbreath '82

There you stand.
Your hair neatly curled and your make-up perfectly applied.
And there's that smile again today.
The one you've worn all year.
You know, the one you put on each morning before you go to school.
O.K., here it comes. I'm walking. Almost to you now.
"Hi!"
"Hello!"
"How are you today?"
"Fine, thanks."
Yep, the same thing again today.
But now my feelings aren't so cold.
I'm used to your fake, generous hello each day.
I have your little speech memorized.
It's really too bad that the rest can't see through you.
If they only knew how you looked without your fake smile and
spiteful speech.

Elizabeth Fields '80

"loneliness" is but a word
"i loved you" is but a phrase
But life is more than a paragraph
So live on!

